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Paradise, Mt. Lowe, Venice, Catalina, San Fernando
Valley, Saugus, Santa Barbara, San Francisco, Red Bluff,
Grant's Pass, Glenswood, Portland, Stillsprings, Tacoma.

Sept. From Beaumont we went to Pasadena - S.P. &

20

Dolgoville - where we saw the mills - a warm country
to make comfort for cold northern toes! On the train
from Beaumont we heard a mother of a tuber-
culosis boy talking to a father of a tuberculosis girl!

Tubercu-
losis
tragedy

The mother was a school teacher. With another boy
she had an anxious eye on. They had been in Beaumont
for the summer when her sick son ^{half way thru an engineering course} was sleeping on a
screened porch. The doctor says "he's held his own
this summer." "His fever'll be high this afternoon -
he did not want us to come." Then she told gratefully
how the doctor had come before she left and talked
to the boy to keep his courage up - was going to sit
with him afterwards. He'll get well then if he could
anywhere - clean, bright, cheery - but the
anguish in her eyes when - so full of it that she
must tell even to strangers, she says - "We talk
about his getting well - we ^{try to} think about that!"

The grim courage of the two - of the bright-eyed woman
and the faint collarless, white haired man were
heartbreaking. Another mother ^{looked} with anguish in

leaving her son with her sister - coming back to school

Paradise

her eyes which a hunchback daughter did up her hair & powdered & dressed up with childlike vanity in the small country junction station.

From Dolgoorville we took the S.P. spur that runs between Los Angeles & Paradise.

Paradise is more & more surprising the more you go about it. A man in Beaumont with a big ring & worse than no manners said he did not like Paradise - "there are too many millionaires there to suit me!" But while you are surprised at the wealth of the place, the handsome houses, many of them gingerbreaded, ornate - some of them theatrical to the smiling point - Ambassadors - Bush - traced gardens etc - your sense of balance & sanity - is pleased by the quiet elegance ^{and taste} shown by the larger numbers. The houses of redwood shingles with dark ivy or merely beautiful green lawns - and a thousand things - rest the eye and satisfy the sensibilities. You say Orange Grove Ave - Grand Ave - Marquis Ave - Madison St. Ford Place - & think you have exhausted the

Paradise

beautiful residential section, but instead of the ugliness and mediocrity you expect as you turn into the side streets, you come upon new streets full of flowers and attractive houses.

Sunday morning we spent at the Grinnells. In the afternoon we went to Larranga & call on the Millers. Tuesday, reports written up, we went to Los Angeles to look up maps & barometers & find the type locality of *Perodipus* - the site of the old town. Not finding Mr. Lummis we went to see Dr. R. E. Stearns. He proved an interesting old man in the Dr. Stearns reminiscent stage - but with flashes showing breadth of view, human sympathy, & basal rectitude. He showed us his paintings which show a delicate artistic feeling for nature & an intellectual intent in the technique - tho he never had any art training. He has a white beard, keen but kindly brown eyes & a long nose. He spoke of the dreamy of the mining towns he had known, ^{as opposed to the hardy stories} & of the interest the men took in natural history. His interest is in Berkeley where his associates have been - he worked in the University. He is now writing occasional articles & raising snails with the purpose of

Paradise

experimenting at hybridization etc. We went to Los A.
by the Oak Knoll road which goes out through the
orange groves and hills & passed the Indian Crafts camp.

W. Lower
//
Wednesday we went up Mt. Lower, taking the electric road
at the top of the incline & winding around the sides of
ridges - & out on the edge on the horseshoe - looking down
on the valley and on canyons filled with big-around
Pseudotsuga macrocarpa - till we got to the ^{summit}
which is an attractive house with a big fireplace in the
office, a pretty redwood & green dining-room, etc. Then,
with a blowing of the bugle, the horsebackers start up the
trail for the peak - 1100 ft. in 2 1/2 miles. At the (Upper
Sonoran) top the bugle blows & echoes answer from the
canyons. Vernon walked up and back in a little over two
hours, stopping to make plant notes etc - did better than
the horses. While waiting I got another woman whose husband
had gone up, to go out to Inspiration Point with me. She
was evidently on a wedding trip. She had lived in Butte
Montana most of her life, then ^{she} came from to Utah (she
now a jeweled cross - to show that she was not a
Mormon?) - and how now been abroad 4 months & was
on her way to Prescott, Arizona to live. From the point

Mt. Lower

There was a view down the whole of Paradise & the hills
beyond, while in spite of smoke from a number of fires the
two peaked points and the line of the Catalina hills
showed, & the sun could be seen at the foot of a promontory
this side. The rounded tops of manzanita, some blue green
some yellow green in the sun were beautiful on the chap-
arral hillides, but the gulches & old slopes filled with
spruce were the best, with their long arms & shadows.
It was interesting to trace out the trails on the mountain
above - the Wilson's Peak - now distinct - now lost
around a shoulder - again appearing as a line in
the chaparral. With the glass white spots turned to camp
houses & the white observatory building could be seen.
While waiting at the hotel, sitting at the head of the
steps - the bell boy - (See *Parus gambeli*) Then an old
white haired gentleman & his son sat down and the
son got out a bag of nuts & drew the squirrels &
after a time the chickadees to him by the quietness
of his ways. The old man looked on much interested.
It was pleasant to see men engaged in such sport.
At our ^{time} ^{there was} one boy standing in the sun with upstretched
head calling to the chickadees - calling insistently -

Mr. Jones

Pasadena

mutty

making them come - and two or three women with hands out in a row for the birds to choose from! And at the same time they were coming to me, faster along. The birds also came to people seated on the 2nd floor balcony opening from the office. Going down the electric car the 4th & 7th ridges were in sunshine, the shadows between. On the incline a poor man with a wife stood up looking down making remarks - "If those ropes should break - I tell you now my heart is in my mouth!" - I would sit lost down - it made me dizzy! Tuberculosis man! He tamed chickens then died.

Thursday specimens were packed up & preparations made for a 4 days pack trip in the mts. Mr. Grinnell loaned blankets & canvas & helped fit a bright young Cooper Club boy who has made the trip before and whose brother years ago killed a grizzly up there. Friday ^{9.30} AM. They started, with 2 saddle horses & a pack horse. The packing was done on the street & a bedridden spinal invalid watched from her window with an opera glass, as went to her! (One her bed is kept by the son of God & her serene, smiling face upholds the list)

In some of the stone windows here you see

Se habla Español.

In a hardware store - Solar Heaters

Bedridden invalid

In the house is a bedridden spinal patient - 25 yrs ago Wm Mitchell had charge of her case. Only daughter - only child - dead - invalid for about 30 yrs - bedridden now for years - but the most cheerful person in the house. Kept by the Power of God & other tests are around her bed, & holy books on her tables. She says she thinks McKimley's death did more than his life for the people - says it showed that his religion was not just words - & she snuffs the tears from her eyes so you only guess how hardly now is her own courage. She keeps busy. In Sept. has 25 boxes ready for Xmas - gives to a great many so can't give expensive presents. Sends papers to needy frontier ministers, loans books, etc.

Old army surgeon taught by nurses in hospital to knit & crochet. Seen first on upper piazza in knitted bed-room slippers, knitting - think he must be a dreadful cripple passing away the time, but it seems that he is able bodied - can get about - but not practicing - when not reading books this - not to sell - pass the time. Petitioner timberhearted old fellow - trouble made between him & his wife & he alone - goes & comes to his meals outside & nobody pays much of any attention to him. A little girl of Italian father

Pasadena

Hates the place (Seattle) & the people. Another friend
invited spends time reading novels, going to drive etc.
says she is indolent - does not like American men -
Too Commercial.

After Po return we went to Mr. Grinnelli to meet some
Audubon people & had a big fire in the stove fire place
(Eucalyptus branches) & ate apples & ^{ripe} figs grown on the
place. Another night we were asked to dine at Walter
Richardson's, to see the skull of a grizzly he killed in the
San Gabriels. The house - a temporary one with burlesk
background for ^{a stunning} African zebra skin - queer twisted bones
of all sorts of African animals & other interesting
skins. Mr. R. was an electrical engineer in the
Kumblers mines & when the war got too active went
hunting. He is a strong faced quiet young fellow
whose says little but whose force you feel. His wife
is a sweet faced mother of a ^{a former Kindergarten} 13m boy, studying up the
latest psychology & feeling of infants etc. & leading the
simple life. The mother - widow of the Bobb of Willow
Grove. Their dinner served by themselves on a long
mission table with pretty silver & china was an
ample of simple sensible hospitality. Tomatoes
& lettuce made the table pretty as an interest &

Pasadena

a delicious meat loaf & creamed potatoes served with
beef & butter & some characteristic California dish
was followed by a big dish of sliced peaches & a big
silver platter of rich cream-cake - All delicious &
attractive, & the best touch of all given by the hostess
frank smile when - after a wait between courses -
she explained that they had had to wash the plates!
And they had come for us with an automobile &
the husband will probably soon retire from business
to do the things he cares for most! The wife is
a former kindergarten & Hull House worker & a woman
with ideal face. She is interested in trying to get
playgrounds started in Pasadena. 20 days there on
probation from the Los Angeles juvenile court judge,
they will think, ^{enough} reason for playgrounds!
A woman there was showing her son that she did not
believe his word - teaching him to lie - She was thinking
about his High School course. She wanted him to take
botany instead of zoology. "I hate those squirming things & I
don't see any interest or use in studying them" - in the face
of the fact that the boy - like most normal boys - had
a natural interest in natural history. On the other
hand she was a sensible womanly woman anxious to

do right by her boy. On what she said about zoölogy she asked me in all seriousness - "Is a duck a bird?" And the question was echoed by another good woman at table!

Cosper Club meeting
After returning from the net. trip I went to Sam Peters for a little work & on his return I rejoined him at Los Angeles. Last night as there the 10th & that evening we went out to the Cosper Club meeting. It was very interesting to look around the room and see the rugged honest manly faces of the boys whose articles you had been reading, and also to look on the dull, spiritless faces of the least interesting & naive what it was to them & live to have a spark of living interest like this. It was interesting to call out their observations & see when they had been and what they had seen.

When H & I left for the route, I came to Venice where I had found there was unusual opportunity to study waterbirds at close range.

Waterbirds
When the tide is low enough the waders gather on the beach, flying on apparently from the lagoons when they stay during high tide. As you walk along the V in the canals you can see cormorants diving & fishing & now & then a dabchick or a duck (see *Psalacrocot*).

Waterbirds

✓
Venice

day and about the beach the sand seems to be walking away from you (see *Argialetis miosa*). But the view up the shore line is most interesting for shore birds are running out ^{after the waves} or hurrying back before them like children afraid of getting wet - back & forth, back & forth - myriad small & big forms. Godwits, milllets, surf birds, gulls, ^{or an occasional godwit} make up the population (see species notes). The birds have been so tame that they would walk along the shore ahead of you, and when disturbed by a walker would make a circle - perhaps - in the afternoon - cross the sun path - & light a little farther along the beach. But Sunday more people were here and guns were going off all day at the gun club grounds about the marshes & lagoons. On the shore in the afternoon within a mile there must have been 150-200 godwits alone. They were scattered along in small bunches when a man & little boy in bathing suits came walking along the beach & the man began throwing stones at each group as he came by, sending the little boy to pick up stones for him! His face was so hard that there seemed no appeal from it - & what could you say to a man of such wantonness. It made my blood boil with indignation. The

Waterbirds

Venice

man's suit was in stripes! Good training for stripes he was giving the little boy by his side. This morning one poor godwit with dangling broken bill & another with broken leg lying in the sand of the shore may attest to his prowess - his noble prowess! When the birds had been frightened in this way all along the beach as the pair went & came, a brown water spaniel excited by the dashing surf discerned that he could reach the birds fly so he ran dashing down the beach barking & jumping, his ears flapping, & gulls flew up into the air & godwits rose in confusion in flocks. Then he lay in the sand & rolled & jumped up barking & ran down the beach again!

Small wonder that the birds were wild this way!

Play 1 The other day I saw some boys driving a handsome spirited horse & drawing ^{by} a rope ^{by} a cart rigged up with a big sail! They were speeding round town with it! While watching surf scoters to-day I saw two boys with a cart & a burro stopping for lunch. The burro was eating his - a whip of hay on the ground before him, while the boys ate theirs in the cart!

A boy that I found on a raft in one of the canals told me about the food of cormorants told me + another day 3 boys with sails, old patched cloths - with little wagons - help with

Venice

that the crabs come themselves up with the canal mud & then when the fish come near "they eat them!"

Catamaran 4 men were drowned here in 3 months so now they have a life saving station & a catamaran $\square=\square$ - two air filled tubes that ride the waves & are manned by rowers - one of the crew wears a red suit - a grateful mark in time of danger.

Oct. 15 - Some porpoises passed the pier rolling along, two of the side by side - see fins as they come up out of water.

Just about sunset I saw a flock of gulls flying around the pier & the sky above burnt out to see.

They were *Heermannii* & *occidentalis*. A row of his sat on the pier rail & " on the posts ad.

Gulls As the sun came thru low under the clouds it lit up the Santa Monica cliffs & a ship lying out by the Port Los Angeles (longest pier in the world it is said to be - 1 1/2 miles long) It also lit up the rigging of the Venice wharf & touched 3 cormorants perched on the opposite sides of a row boat. A faint rainbow arched up in the southeast. Soon after the gulls disappeared for the night. Surf very high at sunset. And the night a

Yuma

few people (not at the Conny Island part) watch the sun go down ^{in the Pacific} - a red ball - then a red disc as it went out in clouds.

Mar 16. Went out by the edge of the marshes & along the canals 4-day after that horrible summer when all my birds away from the beach (San Dimas Fedoa) and across the long bridges to the sand dunes overlooking the big stretch of marsh - maddy now with some plant - & with waterways everywhere. What delight it would be to wade through it & poke about quietly with a boat & really see what is there. There were worlds of birds out in the lagoon but I could not get near enough to see what they were but some were long-legged round bodied & warm brown, evidently godwits, and there were aggregating rows of white birds down together that I wanted awfully to know - On compensation. Totally humbled over bitterness or some such thing - creeping along the edges of water ways!

Dec 16. I came home ^{just before sunset} from down the road to Playa del Rey with long ^{straight} lines of white surf breaking 6 ft or more from its shore wall - but not far enough not to pound. The ocean was gray & the white ^{with its deep ripples} surf and air full of ocean life with

Yuma

just a haze of fog coming in and a deep glittering gold sun path and a sunset sky that grew and ripened to rich purples. It was glorious. The long straight lines of white surf and the big rollers behind give such a feeling of the dignity of the simplicity & bigness of it all. It all seems a part of the orderly march of the universe - how small a dot man is! And yet he alone can try to understand the universe - and how before what he cannot fathom.

Dec 20 - The beach was like a Soldier's Home this morn. doubtless as the result of the 'open season' and the popping from early morning out on the marshes & lagoon. The first discovery was a poor comorant dead on the beach with its bill tied up (San Phalarope) then down the beach one after another godwits with broken legs, crippled surf birds & two big noble gulls - one apparently with one leg shot off - it was horrible & made you thankful when any poor little sandpiper put on foot before the others & trotted off normally.

And then were the swirling flocks of white sandpipers unresolving ahead of you.

Pasadena

(Another invalid - Mrs. Buich - a sweet faced woman of gentle words & smiles - white. Nurse of the invalid - Miss - with face growing womanly, and strong which the novel reader (from the convent) reads smart & or doubtful books and smiles with undeveloped girlish look that goes to your heart and makes you want to mother her. Gaudily, apologizes for not doing more work herself - has to keep dressed up for reputation of house - good business principle. Little old maid waitress looks you in the eye when taking your order & in every way shows personal interest in having you pleased. Chinese cook can't be asked to help carry down baggage - Express man told no man in house - Chinese cook - not a man.

Nurse Buich

Come down of the little sandpipers go strutting off on one foot - cheerful little cripples! It made me thankful when one man - in kaki went down & aimed at one godwit - instead of banging into a flock & wounding a dozen - hit it, & instantly with a dexterous swing or two of the bill killed it in humane sportsman-like fashion. But to shoot at flocks of sandpipers too little for our mouths of game - or to shoot gulls, murder terns cormorants -

Water birds

Nurse

This country needs policing. Meanwhile the automobiles hurry down to the gun club! Great flocks of ducks were straggling on from the ocean - there must have been ^{hundreds} of them - & still the popping went on. Poor things - tired from their nights journey & seeing quiet waters inland - to fly to their doom. If they are shot dead - well & good if needs must be till humanity gets farther along - but to have them wounded!

Oct. 20 As I was thinking that there were only godwits, gulls & sandpipers on the shore this morn - no surf birds I came to the end of the beach walk & beyond, where the high tide washes up mud & the soft sand is comfortable & the birds can rest disguised - you can't see them at all a short distance off they come into the ^{dark} hummocky surface is well - right before was a big bunch of resting birds - godwits mainly standing on the outside of the circle & nearly 32 surf birds sitting down or standing beyond & in the midst a close bunch of little sandpipers. It was very pretty. Then they broke up the sandpipers went off by themselves on the sand. Sometimes as you look down the beach the big & little birds look like old & young. Once I saw a surf bird fly with a flock of little sandpipers when it the big bird seemed to direct their flight - it turned back as they were

Birds

June

going on, & to my surprise they went on a little farther than I should too! Out riding the surf was a flock of about 25 scoters, two terns (probably hinnies) were feeding, & overhead big flocks of ducks strung across - while gulls beat up & down the shore. It was an exciting time - & the strong sea breeze smelled good & the sun shone warm - good after days of fog & cloud.

21st This morning I had a lovely time watching little sandpeeps & snowy plovers (see notes) also upland along the mud thickets and saw a flock of meadowlarks singing, a lot of bellies, one tule wren - a yellowthroat looking very green, a thrush, & sparrow hawk. Called up a song sp. by whistling its song. Crossing the hard sand dunes reminds you of walking on crust & has something the same exhilaration. There are some pretty sand dune plants here - nice like that radiate out - one with pretty yellow flowers & one with bluish green leafage. At the foot of the dunes there are some green succulent reddish plants all like cacti varying from green to dark reddish. Then there are

Birds

This afternoon the tide was very low (the moon is full) and the mounds of fresh kelp were all tracked around by the birds. As you looked down the shore, at the water line were scattered big round long-billed forsters & white-breasted gulls, & on the sand back of the water lines of little white-breasted sandpeeps like strings of pearls on the sand. Higher up - high & dry were scattered snowy plovers, and now and then one or two would start & make a run (head lowered) & dab at something - one of the little hopping things that rise from your feet, it would seem. The ocean was a water color - soft shimmering grays and yellows - and the surf broke so far out that the roll of it was soft - the soft voice of the ocean - as at other times you get the deep voice.

Oct. 23 - This afternoon sandpeeps were most in evidence on the beach - a little squad of about 30 in one spot & others up & down ^{the beach} running about with a few scattered forsters & surf birds & gulls. Out in the surf path a flock of surf scoters were roosting on the quiet green rollers, in the white surf lines were with long rates were 'channelling', standing in the low surf & raking up the clams as they were best in, putting them in a bag carried on the shoulder - A steam launch with

Yucier

tightly rolled sails went hurrying by, and down by the sunset cliffs at the foot of the bay two schooners with 3 long white sails lay as if at anchor. III

A black line against a cloud turns into a flock of ducks.

Oct. 24. Mr. Stuen & I went down to Redondo & on the way one of the long piers was lined along both sides with gulls sitting close. Another pier had gulls (*occidentalis* & *heermannii*) & cormorants. At Redondo people of all sorts & conditions were fishing on the wharf. Colored people, old folks & children - One old woman with, apparently, her grand child ^{sitting down on edge} leaning with arm out over water. A tramp boat with English flag & Maltese cross on the funnel excited comment. The engineer of the electric power plant (which runs the Los Angeles cars by condensing ocean water for steam) told us that railroad ties are brought on from Siberia by Japanese boats cheaper than they can be brought from the redwood belt up north - because of convict labor. At Redondo we found pebbles being ground and polished for sale & learned that on the beach close by moonstones (coated with limestone) agates & jaspers are picked up - washed in more some days than others. We walked along for a ways & found people gathering them - men & women in bettering suit trying to get them - tourists or just ordinary visitors

Yucier

with a mild interest, explaining to each other about the kinds or one man with an eager ^{avaricious} thing: something-for-nothing look - too bad the free gifts of the beautiful ocean should be so misused!

The Santa Monica Mts. seen from Yucier are usually very ordinary, but with mist on them late on 'mystery' or 'magic' and with dark purple haze of some moments are rich & unusual.

Yucier is a curious place - planned, it would seem, on the Exposition idea, with buildings copying Italian architecture, & canals (tide water) & lagoons with fondles to ride in. There is a European exhibit - a Japanese exhibit best from Portland with big dragons curled on pillars in front - Jap. ball game - 'bowling' - & on the pier a big auditorium with organ & floor for dancing. Electric lights around the towers and festooning the streets make it very pretty at night. There is a Midway Pleasure with attractions with which I have not become acquainted, including flower shoots for the boys, & a Coney Island house in Italian style. Fish dinners served by Jap. are one of the attractions.

Catalina

Oct. 26, in response to a telegram from Union Trust in Los Angeles to meet them on their return from the desert trip. The next morn. - Sunday - we went to Catalina. We took the train at the Pacific Electric station where cars start for Pasadena, Mt. Lowe, all the beaches, Santa Ana, etc. The station lay. enough for a railroad station with big waiting rooms, dining room, etc. and over the board off entrances to the trains black boards ☐ on which as the train comes a sign appears - Next car for Pasadena - or wherever it may be. Then we took an electric car for San Pedro whose harbor we found with a flourish of masts, - boarded the Hermosa for the Catalina trip. It was a pleasant trip across with the ^{dark} purple water (out from the green) and the sea birds flying across the green, the gulls, the flying fish, and the gentle rocking of the boat. The sea birds were little more than an aggravation - they flew so far away from our sight.

The island as we approached looked like a ^{dark} range of bare mountains - on reaching it the town proved to be set down on a little flat close to the water's edge with hills rising on all sides. After lunch we went up on an endless chain ^{car} to the top of a hill and down on the other side with the blue water at our feet, so

Catalina

close it looked as if the car would drop right into the ocean. Instead, we stepped out and got into a glass-bottomed ^{row} boat. Several of them were waiting for passengers and one that we saw full of people presented a row of backs, as all the people were leaning over the glasses in the middle. A little awning cut off some of the light and on starting the rower pulled down a flap that cut off a little more. As we bent over the glasses we saw gold fish swimming around above the rocks, most of which were covered with short whitish or other kinds of weed. The most beautiful sight of all was the long streamers of brown kelp - some perhaps 40 ft. long - attached to the stones of the bottom and waving gently ^{back & forth} through the green water. One sea weed had purplish flowers that they called 'blue flowers'. Sometimes the kelp rubbed the glass of the boat bottom. Brown spotted fish swam around and as we moved over the water a big fish with bluish body & white gills came in sight and the rower said he was a sheep's-head, & said they kept the little fish straight! Schools of little fish from pin size up to purple ones & some that the rower called sardines filled the water in

Catalina

places. It was like getting a glimpse of another world to look down into the ocean — the big mud-grown rocks, the green water, and the beautiful dark brown kelp growing in forests — more fitting for mermaids.⁺ A belone shells turned suggestively shiny blue sides ^{in a bathing suit} up appeared at intervals, and a diver, being rowed around dove for them for the people. at 2 bits each. He was an athletic young fellow but after diving a number of times his eyes got bloodshot & he shivered with cold between times. He would look thru the glass of the boat to place the shell & then taking a long breath dive under the boat for it. As we looked down thru the green water his body, which was dark brown looked ghastly white. When he had the shell we could see him give a little kick with his foot and start up. Then he climbed by hand & muscle into the boat. One of the men in our boat asked "What kind of animals lives in these shells?" A larger - steam-boat was better for seeing the marine gardens, but we had made the mistake of getting our tickets on the boat for the smaller ones. We were brought back to the harbor by a little launch

+ 1 starfish & a few holothurians were seen.

Catalina

and found on piles in front of the wharf a large flock of gulls - occidentalis & heermannii sitting. Two loons swam thru too, diving and swimming right under the noses of all the people. A sea lion with big mustaches was sitting on his tail, his head out of water, apparently looking to be fed. When the photographer got ready to take him he turned a somersault & disappeared (See Larus occidentalis)

In the Aquarium men star fish, sea anemones, and octopus — horrible creature — & He told of his fight with one in Bermuda — how he tried to get it and it got angry & chased him over the reef, swimming so much faster than he could that he had to fight it not to lose it — throw its arms around him — fight it with barrel staves beating it off. He said it was funny how a thing of that kind would take hold of your imagination — that he sweat blood before he conquered it. He said their strength is tremendous & they put out an arm and grasp you and hold on with suction discs & then draw the object up and cut it across the back of the neck with their knives.

On the way home the sunset and a 4-masted schooner with sails out sailed across (tacked)

Tales of
adventure

Catalina

toward it. Then the light came out in the light house on the point of San Pedro, & H told of light house keepers being nearly blown away in getting to their towers - of a man ^{who} coming to relieve another & in climbing up the tower ^{holding onto iron bars} had his legs blown out from under him & flapped back & forth. When he finally got in the other man dared not come out & they both stayed in without food or water till the storm subsided (the food the man had brought was blown out of his hands). He also told - on the way over - of his adventures on the ocean - of the time when he & Mr. Harriman had gone ashore and had to go back in a gasoline launch to the ship and did not know exactly where the ship was - had a long way still to go & the waves were bad - had to be taken at just such an angle or not at all - when the sailor came up & said the gasoline was nearly gone! They all looked death in the face. Mr. H ordered all the cans & they got in. Another time they were blown out to sea and almost onto boat destroying black rocks - Mr. Harriman took the wheel & saved them. Then he told how Mr. H asked the Capt. of his ship what he'd rather do in all the world & when he said he master of the

Fernando

Columbia he said he should. This spring, owing to a fog in which a schooner capt. instead of following the code of signals acted on his own judgment, the Columbia was run into & a panic ensued. The captain quieted the people, got them all into life boats & then with a "God bless you", went down with his ship. All who saw him there it, said he acted bravely.

Dec. 28 We took the noon train north to Fernando where we stayed one night at the Hotel Rey San Fernando.

29th Took a horse & crossed the valley to the Santa Monica. The low flat part of the plains are in wheat and we met numbers of horse freight wagons hauling bags of wheat to a corral where it was stacked in tiers rods long - 3 freight cars on track were loaded with it. In places there were enormous barns & big corrals & ^{foremen's} houses & implements gang plows & threshers etc. Enormous stacks of baled hay going to waste - falling apart - we saw fields already plowed run yellow with ^{clumps of} sunflowers - poor work. I suggested that the sunflowers or the straw left after heading - could be compressed for fuel. In a country where old oranges & peach pits are burned,

Saugus & Solidad Canyon

The Chinese method should be used. We crossed the old road between the missions and saw a bill put up by marked El Camino Real 1769 - 1906 - the road here connecting Santa Barbara, San Fernando, Los Angeles, Capistrano & San Diego missions. We drove up into a gulch leading up into the Santa Monica

Oct. 30th and climbed up on the road leading across to Hollywood. Left Fernando about 8 AM. (train late) Went up thru a tunnel to Nordhoff where the English sparrow has come in its way south, and up to Solidad, where, as there is no daylight train there, ^{the pass} to Mojave Desert. Vernon drove as far as he could to determine the zone of the pass, finding it upper Sonoran - sagebrush, atriplex, oaks, etc.

30th From Fernando we went on to Saugus where we drove up the Francesquito and Solidad Canyon. On the road we met a camper's wagon with a square frame covered with tattered cloth - inside a woman & children walking around - & a sewing machine standing.

✓ after passing a remarkably handsome ^{heart of} olive orchard at the "olive growers association"

Santa Barbara

Oct. In the afternoon we went up to Santa Barbara and the 31st next morning Vernon went up the mountain - rode as far as his horse could well carry him & then climbed fast to the top of the highest peak, running most of the way back to the horse till his knees & legs both felt the strain - but made it between 10.30 AM & 4.30 P.M. from the Sycamore. Meanwhile I went right seeing -

Mission I went first to the mission. The hours at which visitors are received are posted, and a Franciscan in brown robe and friar's hood ^{fastened with a} white cord, with shaven head and bare sandalled feet showed us around. A collection of antiquities included a rawhide bedstead with the tree calf pattern - rawhide stretched tight as a drum on a frame of a bedstead (such as that described in Roman, which Alessandro made for Philippe) - old stupa bed for the priests, old illuminated books, one commentary on the books of the old Testament in 1493, a prayer book in the Indian language for use of the Abnaki tribes, ^{old} Processional Cross, a grape vine the size of a child's body, two old millstones, rings, pictures, Indian baskets, statuettes, etc., a queer old piano, & innumerable other curios. Those who went up into the tower saw into the ^{interior} garden where

Santa Barbara

Mission

only Mrs. McKinley & the Princess Louise have been allowed to go. The Brother took us into the church now in use. The pilasters painted by the Indians in imitation of Spanish marble, the ceiling decorated with Indian (?) Aztec designs, the old iron rods from which hang curtains used in the decoration of the church, the large pictures - copies of Murillos brought from Mexico were all pointed out by the Brother. + He then took us to the Cemetery in which are buried

thousands of Indians & whites - full of beautiful trees & plants & shrubs. A Brother in the a heavy dark blue apron over his white shirt was working in the garden. A Poinsettia tree in the garden, but a large crucifix, made it a ghastly place.

From the steps of the mission we could look down on the gunboats in the harbor whose lights we had seen in coming in. Rosaries made by the mission of Job's Tears, ^{dead} seeds of a plant in the garden, were hanging on the wall by the register for sale.

From the mission I walked thru some of the best residential part of the town - saw a park

+ While we were at the altar a Friar came in with a big box of fresh Poinsettias for the altar.

San Francisco

with an English wig border that was rich & effective - + took the car down to the shore where the 4 gunboats were standing in handsome effect ^{low} on the water, with white topped launches moving back & forth bringing white-capped or other sailors. On a pier was a notice: Low water, 7 ft. High water, 11 ft. A dead cormorant was lying in the mud on shore & while I was there a ^{bandaged} young man went up the shore with a gun under his arm - nothing was to be seen but one loon & the gulls.

Nov. 1 At 7.20 P.M. we took the ship for S.F. where we arrived at 9.30 a.m. At the Townsend St. station we had our introduction to the criminal classes - such faces as one would be most likely to find on that side of the city at this time - types of the bad politicians if nothing worse. New handsome business buildings - some completed, others in process, alternate with masses of brick & twisted iron, or part of a ^{brick} wall, a wrecked tower, or neatly piled bricks. Many of the streets are still unfit for traffic, & travel is greatly congested. +

The night before election Mr. Gilbert & Miss Eastwood dined with us & afterwards we went to Judge

+ See Kennan's article in Nov.

San Francisco

Hittells to call. The family men out except Carlos the artist & he took us into his workshop where studio properties in form of old guns, horns, & other curios were suggestive material. In the fire he climbed to the top of a church tower with a hose. As we came out of the house we heard the screeching of an engine in the Labor Parade - something like a traction engine carried in the parade. From our distance we could see the glow of calcium lights that enveloped the parade. When we got down to the car lines we found that no cars were running, the cars standing blocks away from the line of the parade, some abandoned by conductor & motor-man in well grounded fear. H who had been in S. F. on Labor Day when there were 9 riots in different parts of the city, & the car men had been the targets of the mobs, said with deep feeling that they had all his sympathy, marched men in uniforms, without arms - two men to a mob-helphes. He then told us of the day when he came into S. F. just as the strike breakers who had been imported to man the street cars & who had not been upheld by the people so that their arms had been taken from them by the police & had forced them out - were

Labor parade

San Francisco

being sent back to their homes - were gathered at the station to take the train. Detentions of the labor party had forested out the hiding places of their men: knew where they were to be sent away & the mob had gathered. As H entered the ferry house he saw that something was happening in the black mob, & then he heard shrieks for mercy, shrieks that he would not have believed it possible for human beings to utter & that he could not get out of his ears for weeks, & answering shouts of "To hell with them!" & the awful sounds of crushing bones - of ~~hickies~~ ^{bones} being broken on the stones of the pavements. On Labor Day when the 9 riots occurred H & E stayed in, & when the shrieks of the engine, the shouts of the parade, the cloud of red calcium lights rose - I wished that we had stayed at home. As our way home lay parallel to the line of the parade we could not escape it; & did not know what moment it might turn up our street; & as the street car lines with their standing cars, ^{some abandoned} were crossed & men came out of the darkness H wanted to turn in to a Jap. store that stood open, but it was on a corner with a car standing on its track - its decks (^{show} windows) were cleared for fear of action.

Car
Riot

San Francisco

Election

We got home safely, but at midnight N was awakened by a tumult in the streets & the next morn. the Labor Paper acknowledged that there had been a car riot & a motor man stabbed in the back & that he would probably die. The election passed off quietly, however, and the next night we stood on Van Ness with a very orderly crowd reading returns of the Call, that had promised to put out green lights if McCarthey (the anarchist) were elected - returns that read along this line Taylor 14 or Landerlike for Taylor in the Ryan 1 Labor District. McCarthey 1

That night as we were returning from dinner on the street car, at the corner of Fillmore we saw a black crowd. I looked up just in time to catch a look of terror on the face of the conductor, & Hart jumped to his feet. A mob? - a riot? But it proved only a street fakin' crowd or something of the sort. So instead of being stoned in the car, we got out quietly & walked home. But - it was as near the French Revolution condition of affairs as I could to come.

Academy

In spare time I went up to the temporary Academy where Mr. Loomis kindly let me look over the

Academy

San Francisco

skins. He & his assistant also took me to the old Academy to see the Galapagos collection. We climbed around ruins & rubbish & up across a plank into the shell of the Academy. Then up a hole in the 2^d story floor & there by a temporary wooden staircase. The ship with 11 collectors ^{on board} had gone to the Galapagos when the fire occurred, so the outfit was saved, & now the collections are back ⁱⁿ for the new Academy. The enormous turtles, the great wingless, and the strange little big-billed were in large series. It was exceedingly interesting to see the Academy ruin and the types & records saved by the heroism of Miss Eastwood & the rest. Mr. L. pointed up at the ruins of the gallery & told where each exhibit had been, & showed where the biggest fires had come from the library - eating deep - said the library made "beautiful ashes"! And now they are almost ready to move to the new temporary Academy in the Golden Gate Park.

Red
Bluff

From S. F. Vernon was called to Nevada to investigate a Microtus plague & while he went there I went up to Red Bluff to visit Helen.

We crossed the ferry in time for N to put me on the 8.30 train, so I had a daylight-trip up the

Sacramento Valley

Beautiful bay with its boats, past the Suisun marshes with their gun clubs, coots, & ducks. In one place I saw a few Cal. poppies - eschscholae in bloom. Then were hordes of blackbirds in the S. valley - great flocks. Alfalfa fields, & oaks with horses resting under them, vineyards & orchards with autumnal touches gave variety. The Marysville buttes stood out well as we passed - rising from the level plain. Magpies (yellow-billed) were flying about west of Marysville between there & Arbuckle. Gray moss (short & fine) hung from the oaks in places.

Autumn was seen from the train in passing a big plowed field. A 10 horse cultivator was at work & other implements of the same scale. At Orland a group of Canada geese were seen in a yard. At one town an enormous stack of baled hay was canvassed over. Touches of red & yellow gave warmth to the landscape, & meadowlark songs gave freshness. The Lassen Buttes came in sight before Mitchell & Shasta was seen - white bulk - before reaching Red Bluff. The oak groves at the head of the valley became

Red Bluff

elm-like rich groves. At Red Bluff we drove up along the Sacramento - a beautiful wide river that flows swiftly down between autumnal banks - almost an eastern sight - with row boat here & there under the bank & colored grape vines deepening trees here & there. The views of the snow-capped Lassen Buttes give touch & dignity to the landscape, & in places Shasta looms up in nobility.

High School The inside of the western High School from the point of view of the principal was very interesting. There is no manual training in H. S. or grades, & I am trying to educate the sentiment of the trustees & business men to introduce it into the H. S. & so force it in the grades - also to introduce a 2 yrs. Agricultural course in the H. S. The repellent scholasticism of the schoolman is lost sight of in the Principal who helps you load manure while he is convincing you of the importance of manual training, & talks poultry to the ranchman while urging the value of an agricultural course. In a community where the livery owner proposes the principal for the Board of Trade & one of the best mothers allows her H. S. daughters to go to public dances which are free to all characters

in the town, where competing basket ball teams carry rough housing to the border of rowdyism. There are many grave problems to be met. It is much as it is in the east, only more so.

From Red Bluff where Krumm came thru from Nevada we went on to Grants Pass, Oregon, & spent a memorable afternoon in the woods at the base of the mountains. The clear, bracing northern air, the wild country after the city (S. F. to the fore) & the dense wet wood with its beautiful madrones with their smooth red bark with its exquisite bloom like the cheek of a plum, & its brilliant glowing red berries. The ^{dark} wooded hills all about with ^{red pines} ^{species} coming out thru the fog. A charming little girl trailing alone from

+ When ^{after a moonlight} we awoke, the black bulk of Shasta could just barely be

made out, in the darkness, but sections of slope -
not out perhaps by a narrow section of clear sky - told of the volcanic form, & we watched till, as it grew daylight, the noble bulk gradually whitened & cloud caps formed & floated off till we counted 7 little o o o o of cloud cap, just touched with the sunrise color.

The top of the mt. looked down on a sea of white cloud. From came the mgs in the Sisakijous - beautiful this that in by fog.

10-yr. old
tunneler

San Francisco to Roseburg had given added interest to the day. 10 yrs. old - how could her parents have let her do it? Oddly enough between whistles, playing with her doll, it came out that she had been born near Watertown, New York! She liked to have someone sit with her in the tunnels and confessed in a homesome way that she had never traveled alone before. Esther Pearson, Roseburg, Oregon - a dear, smart, well bred & intelligent child. We were sorry to get off & leave her with unfinished journey. After spending the night at Grant's Pass we took the train again as it came along. At the station we saw a car marked Canadian Forest, Kithie Band or something of that sort & a man with a Scotch creased cap on one side with long tails behind. Our next stop was at Glenswood where we found the Clark Hotel kept by a widow & her son & daughter - a nice, homelike house with well fitted bedroom - clean linen abundant white spread, etc. & excellent table - used for an eating station. The people in the house were like the family - refined & educated. A Mr. & Mrs. Tammesbury from Portland - cribbage players now taking up a homestead in the mts. were enthusiastic supporters of the administration. We heard here of the failures in Portland due to the financial stringency. Glenswood is a lumber

Gleason

town. We walked up back of the town, climbed to the reservoir, & followed back along the pipe line thru the dense dark wet woods with noble straight-trunked Douglas spruces rising high in the gloom, & little yew trees exciting Krumpholtz's fervor. Now we wanted a bow from one! Cushions of green moss on the branches reminded me of ^{the} Nash Bay forest. A streak of light straying thru made the rest of the woods only the deeper & darker. At the head of the pipe line we came to a small dam & a limpid mt. brook that quenched a whole summer's thirst. It was like the Hyllwild water in the San Jacintos. After climbing up this cold north slope we must across to Cow Creek on the other side of the railroad. The road above this is very troublesome to keep in order in winter on account of the wash outs, narrow gorges, & tunnels as below. We had had two pleasant days (with only a little drizzle at Grants Pass) but now it had settled down to rain & we went on then to Portland arriving there at 11 P.M. We went to the Hotel Oregon & found it a very pleasant house with an excellent tho rather expensive grill. The old Watson Restaurant still keeps up to its standard - & we had steamed clams & fried razor clams.

Portland

Stikine

After doing some necessary shopping in preparation for the rainy country ahead, we went on, without having had a glimpse of any mountain. We reached Lacuna before daylight - while Vernon went on to North Yakima & Passes, I went out to Stikine to see L. A. H. C. A trolley ride thru the cut over spruce, with patches of noble timber leads out beyond Chamber's Creek to an opening on the Sound just above the village of Stikine. A ladder a long flight of steps leads up thru the wooded side of the cliff to the house which stands on the edge of the bluff & looks off on the snow capped Olympics (when the clouds lift) & down on the fishing boats that gather at the foot of the bluff. It was interesting to watch the salmon fishers. There are about 20 ^{fishing} boats. Steam launches are used now, but formerly the boats men rowed & the men sang when they took in the nets. Each launch is accompanied by a row boat or a skiff where the fish are seen by the men who stand looking down into the water, the row boat anchors & the launch circles out, paying out the net till they get around to the row boat again, completing their circle. It is a pretty sight to see several of these big circles of floats like beads of a necklace with a blue or green or white fishing boat. As the net is paid out a man ^{stands} with a long

St. Louis

sole and drives the fish away from the gap between the two ends of the net. The net is hauled in apparently partly by machine, partly by hand & when it is gathered in the row boat comes up on the other side & the fish are

picked out of the net & thrown into the row boat. Then when the boats from Tacoma come to bring the fish they are counted aloud as they are thrown in one at a time - a shining silver fish - from the top of the bluff above. When it rains the men wear oil skins, & they wear oilskin aprons for the wet part of the work in all weathers. The Olympic boat plies back & forth in eight. Enormous fern fronds in the woods the dead now hint at the luxuriant growth of summer. To be ready for a telegraphic call from Tacoma, I came

Tacoma

in to the Tacoma Hotel the day before Thanksgiving. The hotel was crowded with Shriners (some in the dress suit & red fez with a crescent!) & between the trains & the late hours of the Shriners & the noisy drunken talk of my next door neighbor who was put to bed at midnight by a ^{golf} bell boy, the night was not a peaceful one. The shouts & operations & loud talk of the next day got too much in the way & I changed my room.

Tacoma

Thanksgiving - As it was not raining this morning I took a walk about the residential part of the town up on the top of the bluff, which is graded back from the Sound in terraces of streets. The ^{best} residential part is homelike & attractive, or would be if it were not for the dampness which makes ^{almost} everything look black & water soaked. The High School is such a large pretentious building, I mistook it for a college. The ships in the Sound make a pleasing picture. The clouds lifted enough to show the platform of the mountain - Rainier - dark then with snow streaks on the higher reaches, but the veil before the peak was not lifted.

Among the list of blessings the Thanksgiving editorials include the fact that the Union Pacific has been worked, that the Milwaukee & St Paul is making progress, & that the North Pacific line is nearly completed. "Thankful that the turkey does not roast too high for the charring house cartwright," & concludes "Take it all in all, nearly everyone everywhere has some reason for thankfulness, even if he should live in Seattle!" A R.R. is coming from Olympia along the Sound past Steilacoom.

Nov. 29 - At breakfast I heard the head waiter telling some people about the mountain & for an instant had a

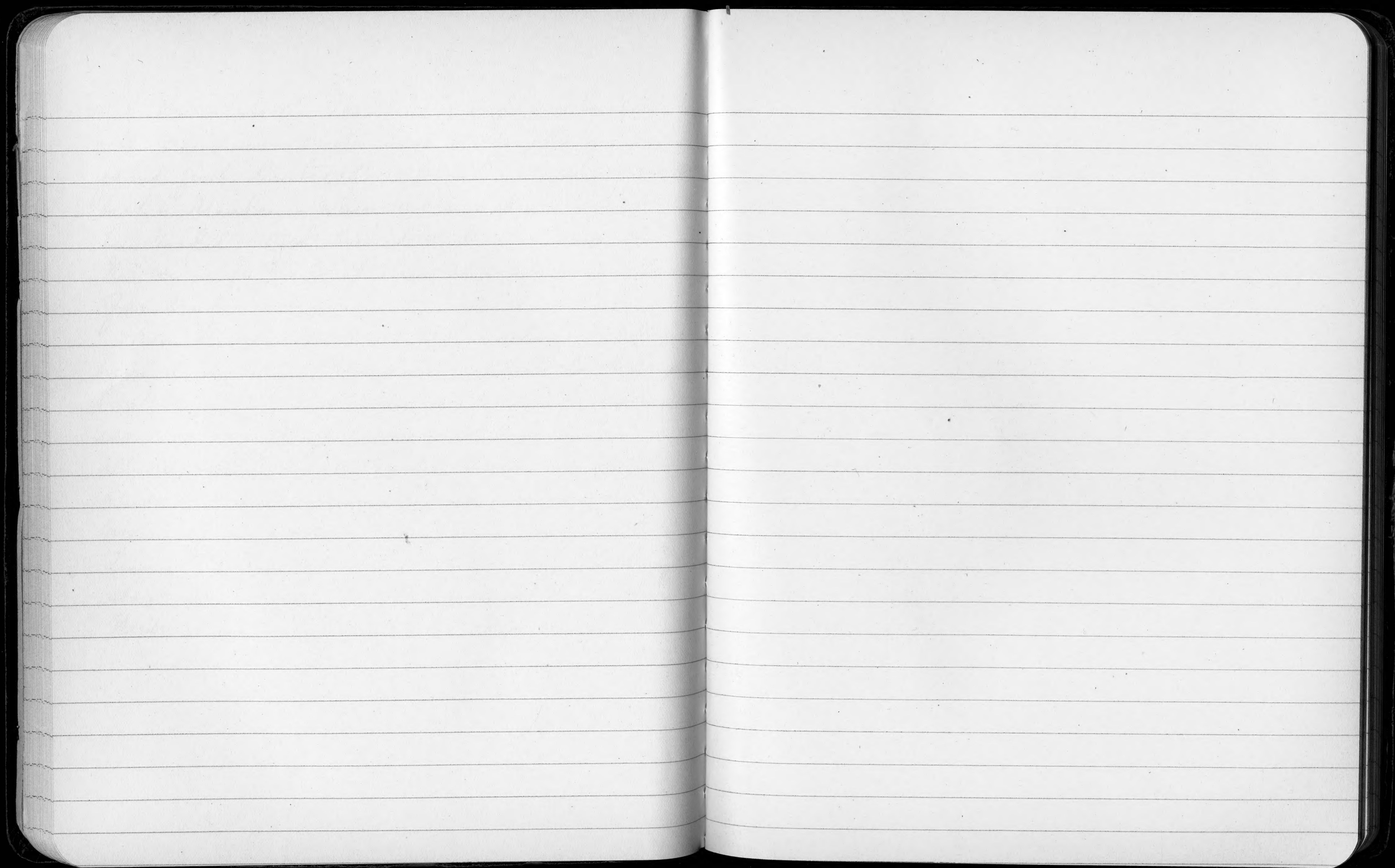
glimmering hope that it might be visible, but discarded the thought as it was still heavily overclouded. On leaving the dining room I went to the office window and - there it stood in all its grandeur! The sun rose over its shoulder & the mountain stood out dark against a coppery background that was reflected in the sound. White mist rising from the deep canyons below the snow line of the flank made the mountain seem higher. As I went out to Stillacoon - fearing that there might be further delay - the mountain was white between the spruces, & as I took the train from Tacoma the next day the afternoon light touched it up its snowy sides giving life to it.

Union joined me at Paces, & we got off at Spokane to try to get the lost camera. Spokane is a most satisfactory town. It has an air of freshness, newness in the up-to-date sense - substantial business blocks, stores that reflect the business activity - great mills along the falls. It seems a live modern city like Minneapolis & St. Paul without the old growth. Took the sleepers that night (Sunday) and went on there as far as Bismark, U. D. We crossed Idaho the first night and spent the day & second night in Montana. At

Missoula - where it was forty - trees & grass & muds white with it - we waited for a freight wreck & finally passed on one side the wreckage and on the other a new ^{coffee} box in a lumber wagon by a newly made fence - & heard the porter giving gruesome details. From Missoula we began climbing the Rocky Mts. going thru Hellgate Canyon & climbing gradually up on a broad topped low pass - here & there mt. meadows & st stands of narrow leaved pine. Came down onto big plains & passed thru Helena, & at dusk - Livingston - which surprised us by its station till we learned that it was the starting point for the Yellowstone. The next morn. we were near the border line of North Dakota & until we reached Bismark were in the bad land country, with coal seams - surface coal - red balls baked by burning coal strata. In one place we passed an enormous dump of lignite coal by the track - unsorted - to be sold to the people - no other fuel. Montana - plains - Dakota - prairie. Montana - gulches with trees & bushes. Dakota - coulees without trees or bushes - in the main. North Dakota - Bismark. We stopped off for the zone map at Bismark on the east side of the Missouri. The air was cold but bracing.

and stimulating. The street lamps are banked
with manure. In the thickets along the river
found fresh deer tracks. From Bismarck we went
back to Mandan - where a blind pig had just
been raised - and crossed a small stream on
the ice. On the local trains men were seen with
fur coats or caps.

From Mandan we went east, reaching Elk River
before daylight. From there we went to Minneapolis
- at St. Paul got a sleeper for Chicago. Delay on
account of a freight wreck kept us in Chicago
all the afternoon & we visited the Art Institute
which we were surprised to find such a worthy
modern form of the Metropolitan Museum.
Leaving Chicago at 5 P.M. we got into Washington
about 24 hrs. later - coming in at the new
Union Station, the filled with scaffolding.



13511

